



The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken vyne,
The victor palm, the laurer to devyne.

A garden saw I, ful of blosmy bowes,
Upon a river, in a grene mede,
Ther as that swetnesse evermore ynow is,
With floures whyte, blew, yelow, and rede;
And colde welle/stremes, nothing dede,
That swommen ful of smale fisses lighte,
With finnes rede and scales silver brighte.

On every bough the briddes herde I singe,
With voys of aungel in hir armonye,
Som beseyd hem hir briddes forth to bringe;
The litel conyes to hir pley gunne hye,
And further al aboute I gan espye
The dredful roo, the buk, the hert and hinde,
Squerels, and bestes smale of gentil kinde.

Of instruments of strenges in acord
Herde I so pleye a ravysching swetnesse,
That God, that maker is of al and lord,
Ne herde never better, as I gesse;
Therwith a wind, unnethe hit might be lesse,
Made in the leves grene a noise softe
Acordant to the foules songe on/lofte.

The air of that place so attempre was

That never was grevaunce of hoot ne cold;
Ther wex eek every holsom spyce and gras,
Ne no man may ther were seek ne old;
Yet was ther joye more a thousand fold
Then man can telle; ne never wolde it nighte,
But ay cleer day to any mannes sighte.

Under a tree, besyde a welle, I say
Cuppyde our lord his arwes forge and fyle;
And at his fete his bowe al redy lay,
And wel his doghter tempred al the whyle
The hedes in the welle, and with hir wyle
She couched hem after as they shulde serve,
Som for to slee, and som to wounde and kerve.

Tho was I war of Plesaunce anon right,
And of Hray, and Lust, and Curtesye;
And of the Craft that can and hath the might
To doon by force a wight to do folye,
Disfigurat was she, I nil not lye;
And by himself, under an oke, I gesse,
Sawe I Delyt, that stood with Gentilnesse.

I saw Beautee, withouten any atyr,
And Youthe, ful of game and jolyte,
fool/hardinesse, flatery, and Desyr,
Messagerye, and Mede, and other thre,
Hir names shul noght here be told for me,



And upon pilers grete of jasper longe
I saw a temple of bras yfounded stronge.

Aboute the temple daunceden alway
Wommen ynowe, of whiche somme ther were gay;
Faire of himself, and somme of hem were gay;
In kirtels, al disshevele, wente they there,
That was hir office alwey, yeer by yeer,
And on the temple, of doves whyte and faire
Saw I sittinge many a hundred paire.

Before the temple/dore ful soberly
Dame Dees sat, with a curteyn in hir hond;
And hir besyde, wonder discretly,
Dame Dacience sitting ther I fond
With face pale, upon an hille of sond;
And alder next, within and eek withoute,
Behest and Art, and of hir folke a route.

Within the temple, of syghes hote as fyr
I herde a swogh that gan aboute renne;
Which syghes were engendred with desyr,
That maden every auter for to brenne
Of newe flaume; and wel aspyed I thenne
That al the cause of sorwes that they drye
Com of the bitter goddesse Jalousye.

The god Priapus saw I, as I wente,

Within the temple, in soverayn place stonde,
In swich aray as whan the asse him shente
With crye by night, and with his ceptre in
honde;

ful besily men gunne assaye and fonde
Upon his hede to sette, of sondry hewe,
Garlondes ful of fresshe floures newe.

And in a privee corner, in disporte,
fond I Venus and hir porter Richesse,
That was ful noble and hauteyn of hir porte;
Derk was that place, but afterward lightnesse
I saw a lyte, unnethe hit might be lesse,
And on a bed of golde she lay to reste,
Til that the hote sonne gan to waste.

Hir gilte heres with a golden threde
Ybounden were, untressed as she lay,
And naked fro the breste unto the hede
Men might hir see; and, sothly for to say,
The remenant wel kevered to my pay
Right with a subtil kerchef of Valence,
Ther was no thikker cloth of no defence.

The place yaf a thousand savours swote,
And Bachus, god of wyn, sat hir besyde,
And Ceres next, that doth of hunger bote;
And, as I seide, amiddes lay Cipryde,